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The vote on the Iowa proposition to amend the State constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, will take place on Tuesday, the 27th of this month.

So early in the season as this, the Democrats of Illinois are losing faith in the ability of their party to carry the State, and are therefore disposed to let the campaign go by default. What little energy and money the Democrats in Illinois have they don't want to throw away in an unfortunate canvass.

Mr. Robert H. Baker, of Racine, a partner in the firm of J. I. Case & Co., has been appointed director of the Union Pacific railway. Mr. Baker is one of the best business men in this State, and though yet young has accumulated a handsome competence. His health has been poor of late, and last winter was spent in California.

Major General O. O. Howard, is a member of Dr. Rankin's church (Congregational) at Washington, and is regarded as an austere man and exceedingly strict in all things. But General Howard, like all other prominent men, can unbend at times, and heartily enjoys dancing. An officer who was with him in the Indian country says that he has seen General Howard in an Indian village join in a dance with the squaws with all the zest of a young man.

When ex-Vice President Colfax was asked recently to state what position he took in regard to the female suffrage amendment to the Indiana State constitution, he said: "I intend to vote for the Equal Suffrage constitutional amendment, for many reasons, chief of which is that as women are subject to taxation, and the penitentiary and all other civil and criminal laws, equally with men, it seems but just that legislation on such subjects should be with consent of the governed."

The saddest visitation ever made by a cyclone was that which passed through Iowa on Saturday, accounts of which will be found in our telegraphic columns. The town of Grinnell, in that State, suffered terribly, half the village being laid in ruins, and over 90 persons killed and twice that number injured. Over 150 residences have been scattered by the demon-like wind in that town alone, besides hundreds of others in the track of the tornado elsewhere, have suffered a like fate. The damage is beyond computation at this time, neither can the loss of life be correctly estimated.

The Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph publishes a dispatch from Washington which says that "the most careful scrutiny of the whole political horizon does not show one single man now in any public office who could be nominated by the Democrats for President with any prospect of its leading to even a respectable canvass. The vicissitudes of the late elections at the north took from public life all the Democrats who had produced marked results in the affairs of the country, except a few men like Voorhees and Pendleton who are mere politicians without principles, and whose only views as to statesmanship are to posture for public admiration."

That most dreadful of all diseases, insanity, has overtaken one of the brightest and most distinguished members of the Washington bar—Eben C. Ingersoll—a cousin of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. During the past few weeks he has been declining somewhat in health and on Saturday he showed signs of absolute insanity. He awoke in the morning with with the impression that he had become immensely rich and declared that he had made \$500,000 by five minutes' brain work. He at once began to employ a large force of men about his office, moving out his furniture and putting his library in the yard. He also went down town and began to negotiate for expensive furniture, building materials, horses and buggies, until his friends became alarmed and began an investigation which revealed the fact that he had become insane. He was returned to his home and placed under medical care. He is a young man of great promise and it is thought that this misfortune is the result of too close application to business.

In the North American Review for July, the leading article is a profound and sympathetic study of "Emerson as a Poet," by Edwin P. Whipple. The author has scarcely a word to say about forms and modes of expression, and cheerfully concedes that Emerson had command only of two or three metres; but he brings all the resources of his extraordinary critical acumen to prove that as a seer, as one who has intuition of the deeper truths of nature and the moral universe, in short, as a poet in the highest sense of the word. Emerson must take rank with the greatest geniuses of all time. "Hydraulic Pressure in Wall Street," a writer who withdraws his name but who manifestly is no novice, exposes many of the tricks and devices by means fictitious values are created, and the unwary lured daily to ruin. There are two papers on the civil service question: one, "The Things Which Remain," by Gail Hamilton, who labors to relieve the civil service from the aspersions cast upon it on account of Guiteau's crime; the other, "The Business of Office-Seeking," by Richard Grant White, who forcibly portrays the moral ills that come from the perennial struggle for place. Finally, Francis Marion Crawford, son of the American sculptor, writes of "False Taste in Art," and indicates

certain directions in which art culture might be developed under the conditions of life existing in the United States. The Review is for sale by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

DEVASTATING TORNADO

It Sweeps over Portions of Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri.

The Town of Grinnell, Iowa, is Terribly Wrecked by the Wind Storm.

Over One Hundred Persons Killed and Wounded in That Village.

And over \$600,000 Worth of Property Destroyed.

Four Girls Killed at Leavenworth, Kansas, by the Storm.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

THE LATEST.

Special to the Gazette.

MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa, June 19.—The deaths from Saturday's cyclone are over 100, and the wounded over 200. At Grinnell 143 houses were destroyed. The loss of property is estimated at \$1,000,000.

FORGER SENTENCED.

Special to the Gazette.

CHICAGO, June 19.—J. B. Doyle, the bond forger, has been sentenced to twelve years to the penitentiary.

HEAVY FIRE.

Special to the Gazette.

TYRON, Pa., June 19.—Morrison's paper mill burned to-day with a loss of \$250,000.

GREAT STORMS.

Terrible Destruction wrought by the Fury of the Wind.

DES MOINES, Iowa, June 18—1 a.m.—A tornado swept through Central Iowa late to-night, the path of it running from northwest to southeast from twenty miles north of Des Moines.

The town of Grinnell was struck by it, and reports from there sent out to the next station west are that half of the town is in ruins. Some twenty or thirty people are killed and 100 wounded. Both the large buildings of the Iowa College were blown flat on the ground.

Grinnell is a thriving village of about 1,000 inhabitants, and is situated in Poweshiek county, Ia., on the line of the Mississippi & Missouri railroad. It is the seat of the Iowa College, and contains three churches and several stores. It is 120 miles west of Davenport, and 55 miles east by north of Des Moines.

LEAVENWORTH, Kas., June 17.—A terrible wind storm prevailed between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning, and Mount St. Mary's Academy, four miles south of the city, suffered terribly. The main tower was blown over on the dormitory, crushing in the roof, and Ida Golden, Annie McDonald, and Mabel McLanahan, of this city, and Mary Austin, of Carrollton, Mo., aged from 11 to 15, were instantly killed. A score of other children were uninjured. The Kanawha Central elevator was blown down. Loss \$50,000. The loss in the city and county is about \$500,000. Wheat is not seriously injured. Fruits are half stripped from the trees, but still will be a good crop. An unknown man was blown into the river and drowned. Barns and houses were blown down and unrooted all over the city, trees uprooted, and general devastation wrought.

EX-GOV. LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 18.—Ex-Gov. Lucius Fairchild and family arrived in New York to-day from Europe, and will reach this city in a few days. Their permanent home is Madison. It is generally believed here that high political honors await the popular soldier statesman.

A Baptist Minister's Experience.

I am a Baptist Minister, and before I even thought of being a clergyman, I graduated in medicine, but left a lucrative practice for my present profession, 40 years ago. I was for many years a sufferer from quinsy; "THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL cured me." I was troubled with hoarseness, and Thomas' Electric Oil always relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria, and "Thomas' Electric Oil cured them," and if taken in time it will cure seven times out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cold or cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with the Oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the Oil out of the spoon into the head by snuffing as hard as they can, until the Oil falls over into the throat, and practice that twice a week, I don't care how offensive their head may be, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For deafness and earache it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine dubbed patent medicine that I have ever felt like recommending, and I am very anxious to see it in every place, for I tell you that I would not be without it in my house for any consideration, I am now suffering with a pain like rheumatism in my right limb, and nothing relieves me like Thomas' Electric Oil.

DR. E. F. CRANE,
Corry, Pa.
Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Sherrill & Co.

STAR ROUTES.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—The star-route prosecutors profess to be very much encouraged by the progress they have made thus far. They admit, however, that the trial is likely to be prolonged until autumn. Their policy is to put in the smaller contracts at first, thus familiarizing the jury with the process of expediting and increasing, and then to offer, as a climax, evidence of the corrupt expediting of the big contracts.

Seven dead bodies have been found at Malcolm.

The only authentic news at 3 p.m. from Mt. Pleasant is that a freight train is derailed.

To LADIES—If you wish to render your skin white and soft, use GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

PIKE'S TOOTHPACHE DROPS cure in one minute.

WHITE AND BLACK.

HARTFORD, June 16.—To-day Adolphus Hall, a full-blooded negro, was arrested here for bigamy. On May 13 he married Mamie Grover, a white girl, daughter of William Grover, Superintendent of mills in Holyoke, Mass., he being already married to Jennie Chase Hall, colored. Two years ago Hall and his first wife were employed in the stewards' department of Trinity College, in this city. They quarreled frequently, and in the fall of 1881 Hall abandoned her and fled the town. In the early part of the present year he went to Holyoke, Mass., and got employment on the place of a wealthy resident of that town. Adjoining the premises is the Young Ladies' High School. Miss Grover was a pupil there, and had opportunity of frequently seeing Hall at his work. At length they met, and the girl became infatuated with him. Her father's commands and threats were unheeded, and at every opportunity she had clandestine meetings with Hall. Soon afterward the couple fled to Springfield, Mass., and were married to the Rev. Mr. Garrett, a retired white clergyman. Mamie falsely swearing that she was over 18 years of age. Her father learned of this clandestine marriage the next day, and locked up his daughter and used every effort to bring about a divorce, but he was stoutly opposed by Mamie, who would not consent to a separation. Hall had fled. Recently Mr. Grover heard of Hall's first marriage, and steps were taken to arrest him for bigamy. He was arrested this morning on arriving here from Meriden and on refusing to go to Massachusetts without a requisition he was locked up here. He professes a willingness to do anything which may be necessary for a legal separation from Mamie. Hall is 30 years of age, quickwitted, and cautious. Mamie is 17, a blonde, handsome, and accomplished. Her father is rich.

THE ASSASSIN.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—There is no reason to doubt that Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, will deny the request of Mr. Reed, Guiteau's counsel, to certify upon an application for a writ of habeas corpus that, in his judgment, the argument against the jurisdiction of the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia is so strong as to make it just and expedient that the application for the writ of habeas corpus should be heard before the full United States Supreme Court bench. If Justice Bradley shall make a decision there can no longer be any doubt that Guiteau's last hope has gone, for probably as enthusiastic a person as Guiteau's counsel would not venture to think that President Arthur would use Executive clemency to save President Garfield's assassin from the gallows. If Mr. Justice Bradley had made such an endorsement upon Guiteau's application, the effort of Mr. Reed would then have been directed to securing from the President a respite.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to me in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters; that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents.

Tragedies of the Heart.

The iron of cruelty is a deadly medicine to men who see injustice, misery, and oppression around. It is said that Auerbach, the author, died of a broken heart, because of the inhuman cruelty practiced upon the Jews around him. This tender-hearted author held to this noble theory for life: "All the virtues and joys of life grow up in labor; only through labor does a human being become truly a man. Work and love—these are the body and soul of human being; happy is he in whom they are one. A man who believes in such a sentiment can take no pleasure in seeing his fellows trampled under foot like dirt and unfeeling stone. It is the custom of the world to make light of disappointment, and treat dismally those kind beings, who are said to pine away, sicken, and die of a broken heart. In its hard and cruel ways, the world knows not at how many bruised and crushed hearts it is scoffing. In relating one of the most pathetic incidents in literature, Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book" gave it as his opinion that many youths and maidens, and older persons, too, go to their untimely graves from the sad effects of broken hearts. Many a fever, or that more fatal malady, the consumption, have begun their mortal course when the cords of love have begun to break and give way. When every cord has been sundered and the unhappy victim stands in all the bleak desolation of destroyed love, they become an easy prey to the ills to which human life is heir. The hard and cruel natures who are not capable of love, and the fickle and frivolous who only know of it as an illusion, or a pleasing pastime, are not the ones to judge mockingly of the true and tender souls in life who love with an unreserved and an unselfish devotion. Napoleon would stamp out the love of a heart with no more concern than he would cancel a subordinate order. He arose to fame over the ladder of broken hearts. He had no pity and no love. His triumph was by the power of brutal force. He might live now in the heart of Russia or Austria and see the Jews persecuted unto death, but it would have no effect upon his obdurate nature; but the great, warm, and kind nature of the writer Auerbach, saw the cruelty practiced upon the people around him; he had no means of redressing the wrongs; the Government was the author of these cruelties, or permitted them. His heart broke with love for them, and he died.

Nature like Napoleon or Grant have no conception of that kindness of the tender hearts of the world, who see deep wrongs which they can not right, and which powerful governments will not prevent. Ingalls said he had no doubt but when Christ saw the rapacious cruelty of those in power around him, he became almost "insane with pity." The world does not seem to care, and it certainly will never know, of all who have died of broken hearts—of the innumerable host of men and women who have loved each other, or loved a cause, or loved the race, and have been wrecked in each or all, and have at last gone to the grave willingly to hide these burdens they could not conceal from themselves here, and which became too heavy to carry any longer. The tragedies of the heart are everywhere. Neither the rich nor the poor, the obscure nor the famous, are exempt from the arrows, barbed with pain, which silently shoot through the soul, and send the shattered victims to death.—Indianapolis Herald.

FISHING PARTIES, PICNICS

AND

Tourists.

The probability that nearly every large town or city will soon be supplied with large quantities of electricity for lighting purposes has given rise to considerable interest in the plan of making use of the same supply for producing power for light household work. Several small motors have been devised to meet the expected demand. The first of these little machines was constructed about three years ago by M. Marcel Deprez, and was found to work effectively. A second apparatus of this kind has for some time been used by M. Trouve, an electro-magnet being used in place of the permanent steel magnet of Deprez. This motor drives a sewing machine very readily, although it is of very small size. Trouve's little electric canoe at the Paris electrical exhibition was propelled by some of these engines, and M. Tissandier has suggested their use for balloon steering. The last and best motor is that of Mr. Griscom, the American electrician. One of these powerful little machines, four and a half inches long and weighing little more than two pounds, will run a sewing machine very rapidly with a small expenditure of electric energy. The lack of labor-saving conveniences in the household has often been deplored, but the introduction of electricity seems to offer a source of power which may serve in many ways to lighten the toil of the weary housewife.

Pine Teas, Coffee and Chocolates.

40 WEST MILWAUKEE ST.

J. A. DENNISON!

august 2nd

MISCELLANEOUS

Furniture.

Britton & Kimball.

Next door to Postoffice.

REFRIGERATORS,

Children's

Carriages,

HAMMOCKS.

Iron and Terra

Cotta Vases.

UNDERTAKERS,

Established - 1855.

FINE GOODS

JAMES

MORGAN,

386 and 388

East Water Street,

MILWAUKEE,

Is displaying this season a larg-

er and more varied collection of

FINE HOISERY.

FINE SILKS,

FINE DRESS GOODS,

FINE BLACK GOODS,

FINE MILLINERY,

FINE PARASOLS,

FINE DRESS GOODS.

FINE LACES.

FINE LINENS,

Fine Gloves, Embroideries Under-

ware, Etc., Etc., than hitherto.

The Ladies', Misses',

Children's,

Boys' & Youths'

SHOE Department.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Prince of Wales gave to Leo-pold as a wedding present simply a grand piano, which is said to have cost not less than \$25,000. The royal bride is an accomplished pianist.

—When the opera "The Queen of Sheba" was presented for the first time in Rome, recently, the composer, Goldmark, was called before the curtain thirty-three times.

—At the gate of the cemetery at Avignon, in France, the parents of a child certified to have died of croup insisted on having the coffin opened to take a last look. The child was found breathing, and was expected to be saved.

—The gales which prevailed last winter in various parts of Scotland made sad work with the trees. On the shores of Loch Lomond some 6,000 were blown down. Part of the Queen's estate at Balmoral lost some of their finest ones, and at Ballochbuie Forest nearly 2,000 fell.

—The proprietor of the casino at Monte Carlo sent Queen Victoria a huge bouquet at Mentone; and not to be outdone in generosity, Queen Victoria at Mentone sent it back to the proprietor of the casino at Monte Carlo, with the single word "Declined."

—A society has been founded to remove from England the disgrace of having till now left buried in manuscript the most important works of her great early reformer, John Wycliffe. The year 1884 will be the 500th anniversary of his death, and an attempt by the society will be made to give all his manuscripts to the world through the press.

—There was a sound of revelry at the palace of Versailles a few nights ago, the occasion being a fete in honor of M. de Lesseps, who was born in that city in 1805. A guest having drunk to the completion of the Panama Canal, M. de Lesseps replied: "Invite all you like to the opening of the canal. It will take place in 1888, and I feel convinced that I shall be there, too."

—The streets of Paris are in great part sprinkled by hoses attached to hydrants, which are found to cost a half less than water-carts, of which, however 350 are employed. The scavenging and sprinkling, both of which are admirably performed, cost \$1,100,000. They manage many things very well in Paris, undoubtedly, and get something for their money, but the municipal taxation is by far the heaviest in Europe, with possibly the exception of St. Petersburg.

—A remarkable dinner was recently given in Paris, the guest being a man of 96, and the fifty-nine hosts having an average of 70. The guest was the well-known savant, M. Chevreul, who was entertained by his colleagues of the Societe Nationale d'Agriculture in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his election. M. Dumas, the great chemist, who took the chair, is himself 82, and the two youngest men in the room were the Duc d'Amale and Mr. Pitman, who represented the Royal Agricultural Society of England. All the most illustrious men of science in France were present, and the dinner was a perfect one, the brandy served with the coffee dating from the year in which M. Chevreul was born (1786), while Chateau Margaux of 1811 was handed around as a liqueur at dessert. These good things were not, however, appreciated by the guest, who has never tasted wine or spirits in his life.

The Czar and His Coronation.

The rite of the Czar's coronation is performed according to the custom of the ancient Christian rulers and of the first Russian Czars. On the appointed day the highest dignitaries of the state and the representatives of all classes and tribes found in Russia appear at the Moscow Kremlin. In the Uspensky Cathedral, where, out of the fourteen ranks of the civil and military officers, only the two highest ranks are admitted, the Czar, standing before the altar, reads the orthodox credo, and the metropolitan anoints him with chrism. Then he puts on his shoulders the imperial purple cloak, lined with ermine, places on his head the imperial crown, takes in one hand the scepter and in the other the imperial globe (derjava), and kneels. All present do the same while he reads alone a special prayer imploring the "Czar of the Czars" that he will instruct, enlighten, and guide him in the great office of czar and judge of all the Russias; that he will send him wisdom sitting at the heavenly throne; that he will preserve his heart in his hands for life to enable him to serve for the well-being of the people intrusted to him and for God's glory, so that on the day of the last judgment he will not be ashamed of his deeds. (Russian Law, vol. I., article 36). According to the will of the wife may also be anointed and Czar, crowned.

After this ceremony the Czar appears before the representatives of all classes and tribes living under his scepter, assembled on the plaza between the Uspensky Cathedral and the Czar's palace. There the Russians first behold their "earthly god," "by God's grace Emperor and Autocrat." All the Russias, of Moscow, Kieff, Vladimir, and Novgorod; Czar of Kazan, Czar of Astrakhan, Czar of Poland, Czar of Siberia, Czar of Taurida, Czar of Georgia; Sovereign of Pakov, Smolensk, Lithuania, Podolia, and Finland; Prince of Estland, Livland, Kurland, Semigal, Samogit, Belostok, Kotor, Tver, Ingol, Perni, Viatka, Bulgaria and others; Sovereign and Great Prince of Nijni-Novgorod, Tchernigoff, Biazan, Polotsk, Rostov, Iaroslav, Belazarsk, Udomsk, Olsk, Kondia, Vitebsk, Matslav, and Ruler of the entire Northern Land; Sovereign of the Lands of Iversk, Kartalinsk, Kabardinsk, and Armenia; Pontiff of the Tcherkassian, the Mountain and the Princelands; Heir Apparent of Narvay; Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stormarn, Dithmarsen, and Oldenburg, etc. This is the full title of the Czar, according to the law.

In the whole civilized world there is no other monarch possessing such sweeping authority as the Czar of Russia. Article 1 of vol. I. of the Laws says:

The Emperor of all the Russias is an autocrat, and has an unlimited power; whom God himself ordered to be obeyed, not only for the sake of the ruler, but also for the sake of conscience.

Article 47 of the same volume says:

The Russian empire is governed by virtue of laws, institutions, and instructions issued by the autocrat.

Article 42 says:

The emperor, as a Christian sovereign, is the supreme protector and guardian of doctrines and of order in the state church. In this he is the head of the church.

In short, the Czar is the sole legislator, the sole supreme judge, and the unlimited administrator of the sixth part of our globe, populated by 100,000,000 of his subjects. Indeed he is the "earthly god" of the Russians. And yet that the present generation of Injuns will not make successful grangers. —Bismarck.

he trembles. While his special couriers are galloping with sealed orders into his numerous domains, where as yet there are no railroads, no telegraphs, and no regular post communications, and while the Moscovites are in full turmoil of preparation for his coronation, at the same time his deadly foes are reported to be also busy preparing for the Czar some fireworks of their own make. But where to look for these fireworks—under ground, on the surface, or in the air—nobody knows, and everybody is full of dark apprehensions. The question where the nihilists can best deal their blow to the Czar is discussed here in whispers. In the first place the Czar has to travel from St. Petersburg to Moscow, four hundred miles by railroad, and who knows at how many points that railroad is underminded? Who knows how many of the switchmen on that road are nihilists? In the next place, after reaching Moscow, the Czar will stop, according to an ancient custom, in Pelevsky Park, about two miles from the Kremlin, where he will remain until the eve of his coronation, and then will go to the Kremlin.

Now, that short journey, which will be rather a pompous procession, amid masses of people, will, of course, be extremely dangerous. Then in the Kremlin the Czar has to go on foot from his palace to the Uspensky Cathedral and back, a distance of about fifty yards, amid thousands of representatives of the people, who will occupy the space between the palace and the cathedral. Who knows whether at that moment, when the Czar in full glory appears before the representatives of his people, a nihilist bomb may not be thrown down from the roof of the cathedral? Nobody denies here that there is great danger for the Czar and for those who on the coronation day shall surround him, and that account the good people of Moscow have never before been so much excited on the eve of a coronation as they are now, while awaiting the coronation of Alexander III.

But the world moves in spite of all dangers to the little god of the Russians, and with it move the smart Moscovites. Some of them are preparing cheap popular shows, where the moujik jesters will amuse their brethren with home-spun puns. Others are making ready gigantic swings, towering up to the dome of Ivan Velikiy, such swings as Russians only can enjoy. Others are preparing polished poles as tall as telegraph poles, which, when soaped and provided with a big price struck on top, will afford an opportunity to many a Russian boy either to break his neck or to win the prize and become the hero of the day. Butchers and cooks are constructing gigantic ovens, where they will roast uncarved bulls and rams, which, with gilded horns and otherwise ornamented, will be served, at the government's cost, to the people on the public square. Many other enterprising Moscovites are trying to do something for the Czar's glory and for their own profit. But none of them can avoid the worrying question: "If a sacrilegious hand pulls a trigger, or throws a bomb, or unites the electric current running to a mine, what then?"

O Moscow, happy and unhappy at the same time! Thou art now indeed in the situation of the man who, according to a Russian saying, stretching forth his hand for sugar, got a knot. —*Moscow Out. Chicago Times.*

Being Buried Alive.

It is reported by a correspondent of the *Lautere*, from Aragon, that at the gate of a cemetery near that town the parents of a child certified to have died of croup insisted on having the coffin opened to have a last look.

The child was found breathing, and is expected to be saved.

The story is probably not in the least true, but that is of small consequence to any one except the child and its relatives.

The general and deep-seated horror which exists on this ghastly subject can find itself as well on fictions as on facts.

That such a thing as premature burial is possible even in the remotest degree is enough, and any scrap of wild evidence which seems to confirm the possibility is grasped at as eagerly as a testimony to immortality might be. It is vain to assure the alarmists that their instructions as to the disposal of their mortal remains will be attended to so as to insure the extinction of life.

That is the very root and substance of their doubt.

If they could attend to the matter themselves their minds would be easy, but the every-day injunction, "if you want a thing done, do it yourself," casts aside uncertainty over the promises of soothsaying friends.

It is not in the power of every one to attach heavy pecuniary penalties to disregard of his wishes or rewards to their performances; and, besides, there exist public rules which must not be outraged.

The by no means unfrequent occurrence of cataleptic fits, in which people are conscious, but absolutely incapable of giving sign of life, keeps up the dreadful apprehension of waking in the confinement of the narrow coffin to die again the most agonizing of deaths. That this is a thing practically impossible, owing to the deficiency of the air necessary for life, is a detail.

The horror of the thought swallows up the improbability of it.

The plan of certain savages who bury their dead in the hollow trees assumes to persons afflicted with these nervous apprehensions an aspect almost agreeable. It invests death with a sort of sylvan charm.

The basket coffins which were exhibited some years ago in the grounds of a ducal town-house were cheering and pretty objects, but they were not so poetic as the hollow tree.—*London Daily News.*

How "Injuns" Farm.

A gentleman just up from Standing Rock Agency said the Indians were engaged in planting. In answer to an inquiry as to how the reds were progressing in the peaceful ways of gardening, he smiled and said their manner was odd. Every year they seem to know less about how to farm. This is attributable to the fact that they are learning the ways of the whites rapidly. They begin to understand that as soon as they can grow crops their rations will be cut off, and hence their growing ignorance of agriculture. If they are given a bushel of beans to plant, they will eat nine-tenths of the amount and plant one-tenth, and the one-tenth will be dumped in three or four holes in the ground. Last spring they were furnished with five bushels of onion seeds. They couldn't eat them, and consequently planted the whole five bushels in a piece of ground fifty by one hundred feet. They were too lazy to prepare a larger patch; besides it would have been in opposition to their policy of maintaining the ration system. When the onions came up it was a curious sight to see the young shoots crowd each other. The whole dry naked surface of the ground was raised up on top of the sprouting plants. It is our informant's opinion that the present generation of Injuns will not make successful grangers. —*Bismarck Tribune.*

Marching Volunteers.

The method of marching troops is a subject of no less interest to the soldiers of the State than to those who tread the frontier war-path. The late General Upton, present one hot day at a review of a division of the New York National Guard, was admiring the picturesque features of the display, the color and excitement and glitter as the masses swept by the reviewing stand. Looking toward the rear of the column over the miles of flashing steel, he noticed that the formation was the same—company front, elbows touching, uniform step, quick time—while in front the pace was already beginning to tell on the plucky but overdriven men, as shown by white lips, starting eyes, dilated nostrils, panting chests. Turning to a friend, the General said, "This is sheer cruelty!" Had he known that some of these regiments would march two or three miles further in the same close order and regular step, his wonder and compassion would have been unbounded. It is a grievous mistake and sometimes a crime to keep men braced up continuously for such a distance; as well might the reviewing stand be as long as the route, well-seasoned regulars are never abused in that way; why should occasionally exercised militia be so ill-treated? There can be but one answer to the query, I fear: "It is our custom." Whenever troops are taken outside their armories the rules prescribed for "marches" should govern. In case of a review, the route-step should be taken until within a very short distance of the reviewing point; the uneven and slippery stones of city streets make the uniform-step difficult and wearisome and the route-step a welcome relief. I am sure that the change would be appreciated, not only by the soldiers, but also by the curstane critics, as giving variety to the spectacle; besides, the men would be kept fresher and perform greater ease the more precise movements when ordered, and that, you will agree with me, is a sufficient reason. —*General Rodenbough, in Journal of the Military Service Institution.*

Leaving a Man in the Lurch.

It was on a street car. A man with a very hoarse voice looked across the aisle at a man with a country catch between his feet, and said:

"Wintery day, isn't it?"

"Hey? Hey?" called the other as he put his hand to his ear.

"Seems like winter, doesn't it?" shouted the man with the hoarse voice.

"Hey? Hey?" asked the deaf man.

"He says, 'winter,' a man who was standing up, 'he says it seems like winter.'"

At this moment the hoarse-voiced man rose up and slid out of the car. As he did so the deaf man rose up, laid two parcels on the seat, and called out:

"Speak louder—I'm deaf!"

"He says it seems like winter!" bawled the man standing up.

"Who says so?"

He turned around to the hoarse-voiced man, but that person had skipped.

"Who says so?" demanded the deaf man.

"I—I—why, I say so."

"Well, what of it? Haven't I sense enough to know that this is winter weather? Don't try any of your guys on me or I'll knock the top of your head off!"

Then the deaf man sat down and the "middleman" sneaked out and dropped off the car and said he would spend the rest of his life looking for the hoarse-voiced man.

Gladstone's Intensity.

Mr. Gladstone is a man who, having once put his hand to the plow, not only will not look back, but frequently dares to glance to the right or left also. Although one of the greatest men this country has ever produced—a financier of consummate ability, a statesman of rare parts, and a patriot of unblushing renown—he somehow drags all men to such leaders as Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Palmerston. As a lively French friend of mine remarked, "I can not understand your Mr. Gladstone; he is so terribly in earnest!"

The Premier's ends are always good ends, but he is so "terribly in earnest" about reaching his objects that he is apt to overlook not so much the principal means of obtaining them as the small details, which, though individually insignificant, are frequently collectively of the utmost assistance to statesmen and statescraft.

Mr. Gladstone belongs to the Church of England, and is fond of a fine rifle; but there is a good deal of the old austere Puritan spirit in his composition. Unlike Palmerston, I doubt if he ever made a political convert from the enemies' ranks, and is inclined to despise those small social amenities outside the walls of St. Stephen's which so often facilitate business.

Consult Dr. BUTTS.

Dr. Butts is a man who, having been the author of many valuable contributions to medical literature, has now turned his attention to the cure of Nervous and Physical Debility.

His practice is limited to the treatment of Nervous and Physical Debility.

Dr. Butts is a man of great personal character and a man of high character.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with it. It is absolutely pure, containing no alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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STOMACH BITTERS

The feeble and emaciated, suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion in any form, are advised, for the sake of their own body and mental comfort, to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ladies and maid-servants, who complain of debilitated testimony to its harmless and restorative properties, physicians everywhere, disgusted with the adulterated liquors of commerce, prescribe it as the safest and most reliable of all stomachics.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.



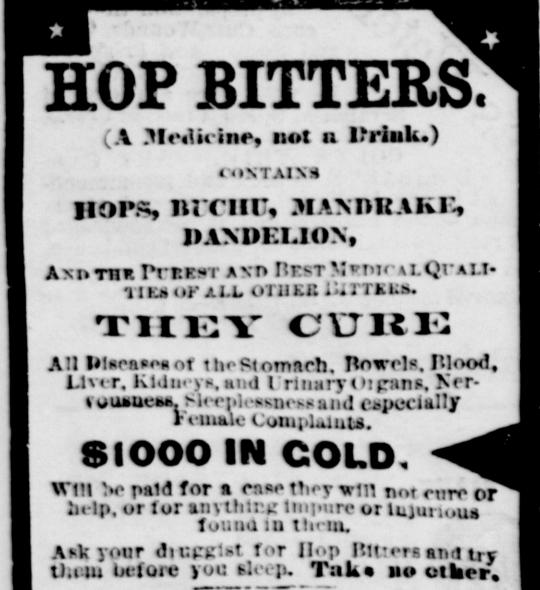
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We have a large stock of the above goods, bought for cash and will sell cheap for cash, and don't you forget it. Call on us and convince yourself. West Milwaukee St. Opposite Corn Exchange.

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10,000 CALVES

Wanted, from two days to eight weeks old, for which the highest market price will be paid at his market on the bridge. R. J. ROONEY.

THE GAZETTE.

MONDAY, JUNE 19.

Post-Office—Summer Time Table.
The mails arrive and depart at the Janesville Post-Office as follows:

Depart.	Arrive.
Whitewater, Palmyra and Milton.	8 A. M.
Milwaukee and Eastern.	9:20 A. M.
Madison.	9:30 A. M.
Madison (via Elroy & Harvard).	10:30 A. M.
Madison.	12:10 P. M.
Chicago & Eastern.	12:20 P. M.
Northern.	1:45 P. M.
Madison (via Elroy & Harvard).	1:40 P. M.
Madison & Waukesha.	2:10 P. M.
Milwaukee.	10:30 P. M.
Kenosha & Way.	3:40 P. M.
Beloit.	4:30 P. M.
Madison & Eastern (via Watertown).	12:30 P. M.
Madison.	2:30 P. M.
Rockford (via Afton).	3:40 P. M.
Madison & Western.	5:20 P. M.
Wisconsin.	6 P. M.

The Overland Mail Depart and Arrive as follows:

Depart.	Arrive.
Emerald Grove Daily.	12:00 P. M.
Janesville Daily.	3:30 P. M.
Leyden & Center.	2:00 P. M.
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.	12:00 P. M.

POST-OFFICE HOURS.

From 12 to 1 P. M. to 8:30 P. M. On Sundays from 12 to 1 P. M. and from 3 P. M. to 8:30 P. M. and Registered Letter Department open from 8:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. and from 1:30 to 5:30 P. M., except during the distribution of the mails. Stamps, postage due stamps, money orders, post cards, etc., for sale at East front window from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Orders for stamped envelopes with return printed thereon, should be left at the Post-Office.

On Saturday night only, a through pouch from Chicago is received on the Fond du Lac train; and on Monday morning only, a through pouch in the mail to Milwaukee, bound for Chicago on the 7 o'clock train.

By reading this table carefully, the public can put themselves thoroughly upon the arrival and departure of all the trains, and thus avoid much inconvenience to themselves.

H. A. PATTERSON, P. M.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Ollie's Dreams.

Our Ollie went to his bed,
With a tear in each of his eyes,
And a papa, his mother said,
He was "very fond of papa."

He dreamed the dreadful dream—
As bad as they could be;
For he had a bad dream, it seems,
A bad, bad dream for me!

He dreamed of a terrible snow
That fell on an icy snow,
And every flake that the wind did blow
Was big as a pumpkin pie!

What a big, deep hole it made,
But oh, the deep, deep drift that it made!
Was a sad, sad thing to see!

Then he thought the summer was dead,
And winter would always stay;
That an iceberg lode was his only bed,
And a glacier home by day.

And he went to bed too soon,
And a long, long icicle hung from the nose
Of the cold, cold man-in-the-moon.

He turned to his sister; oh,
How lonely and sad he felt
When he found she was all of ice and snow
What a sad, sad thing to melt!

I just think of the dreams he had;
As dread as dreams could be!

Oh, a big, big piece of pie is bad
For a small, small boy at tea!

St. Nicholas.

Cherrie's Chicken Pie.

In the great family Bible her name was written Charity Stowe Bascomb. That had been her grandmother's name, and a good one it was; but, somehow, it did not suit the bright-eyed and rosy-lipped little girl, who had come to be the sunshine of the pretty prairie home. So it happened that Charity grew into Cherrie, Cherrie Ripe, Cherry Red and a dozen other queer names for a little girl.

And now I am going to tell you how Cherrie once helped grandma make a chicken pie for Thanksgiving dinner. There was to be a great deal of company at the old homestead that year. Uncle John and Aunt Hattie were coming from California; Uncle Edward from Vermont, and Uncle Frank, with the new Auntie Bell the children had never seen, beside other uncles and aunts and cousins, who lived not so far away. For many days beforehand everybody was as busy as could be, for grandpa had said:

"Let us have a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving, such as we used to have in New England. It is a long time since all the children have been at home together."

Cherrie never forgot those days. It seemed to her as if the whole world was changing into good things to eat. There were such rows of fat chile cans, in kow, geese and ducks, nicely dressed, hanging in the cellarway; such long lines of pies upon every shelf in pantry and closets; such pans full of dumplings, cookies and ginger-snaps; such loaves of cake, brown bread, graham bread, rye bread and wheat bread; such big apples of every kind and color, rubbed bright and shining and ready to be "peased around" evenings with nuts and cider; in a word, such quantities of everything you can think of that Cherrie's eyes grew rounder and brighter than ever, just from looking at them! But her cup of joy fairly ran over when mamma said, on the last afternoon:

"Mother, I want you should make the chicken pie to-morrow."

"La, no!" said grandma, laying down her knitting, which looked like a red mitten about the right size for Cherrie. "My eyes are not as bright as they were once. You'd better make it, Lucy."

But she looked pleased all the same, and when mamma said: "No mother. It wouldn't be your pie, and we all want that," she laughed a soft little laugh, and, looking over the top of her spectacles, said:

"Cherrie must help me, then, and be my eyes."

"Oh, grandma! May I really help?" cried Cherrie, springing up and clapping her hands with delight.

"Yes, child, to be sure you may," answered grandma, and Cherrie dashed away the laziest little girl in the world.

The next morning, when she opened her eyes, the first thing she thought of was the wonderful chicken pie she was going to help make. She jumped out of bed and dressed very quickly, never minding the cold. The Jack Frost had come to get his Thanksgiving dinner, too, and he pinched Cherrie's nose, and fingers and toes as his way of saying,

"I am glad my little daughter had the courage to confess her wrong," mamma said, passing her hand over the soft curls.

"That was the worst of it," said Cherrie, smiling happily, now that her burden had rolled away—"keeping it all to myself, and knowing how naughty I had been when you thought I was good."

Presently she was back to her place, and every one was so pleasant and kind that she had a nice dinner after all. A mountain seemed lifted from her heart, and she told mamma that night, when they had a little talk after she was tucked in bed, that she would rather Julia should have all the rings in the world than to feel again as she had done.

Her voice had trembled, then been choked with sobs, and then—she never knew how she got there, but she found herself in mamma's arms, being kissed and soothed as only mamma could do it.

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Just after breakfast mamma said:

"Cherrie, I wish you would go up to my bureau drawer—the lower one—and bring me down that long, green box in the corner." We shall need all those spoons and yours, too, I guess, mother," she added, speaking to grandma, as she carefully wiped the beat china cups.

Cherrie ran up stairs very proud of her mission. Mamma's bureau drawers were charmed places, full of all sorts of pretty thin s's, and it was seldom she caught a glimpse of them. And now to think that she had been sent to bring the spoons with her own hands! The rosy cheeks grew crimson, and she drew a long breath of delight as she carefully pulled open the drawer. Slowly she lifted the green box and set it upon the bureau. Then I hardly know how, the fat little fingers, instead of pushing in the drawer, very softly raised the lid of another box—a brown one—and the bright eyes peeped within it. There, upon a bed of cotton, lay several rings, a locket and some pretty little trinkets.

Cherrie looked at them and thought very fast. How much she had always wanted a ring ever since her dearest friend and playmate, Julia Grey, had hers, with its round pink stone! How

easy it would be to take one of these and wear it just for the day; turning the stone in until after dinner, and then showing it to Julia and putting it back so mamma would never know.

"But your mamma has forbidden you to touch anything in her drawers or to leave it," whispered so soft little voice in her ear.

"She did give me leave to come here," answered Cherrie's naughty heart, while her cheeks grew redder than ever.

"Not to take a ring," the gentle voice went on. "Suppose you should lose it?"

All this time Cherrie had been trying on one after the other; one after the other, until they slipped off—all but one. This, the very prettiest, with its cluster of white sparkling stones, fitted the plump finger better than the rest, although it was rather large.

"Cherrie! Cherrie!" cried mamma from the foot of the stairs, "come right down! Grandma's all ready for you!" Cherrie gave a great start.

"Yes'm," she called back faintly;

"I'm coming."

Another long minute she stood twisting the pretty, shining ring about; then she slammed down the box cover, shoved in the drawer, caught up the box of spoons and hurried down to the kitchen.

For the next half-hour she was very busy getting out the rolling-pin, and salt-box, sifting flour, running down cellar and doing all she could to help grandma. At last the great tin pan had been lined with crust, the pieces of chicken laid cozily around inside, and a pool of rich gravy poured over them. Just as the upper crust was about being laid on, Cherrie spied a tiny black speck floating around.

"Oh, grandma! Wait a minute till I take it out," she cried, catching up a spoon.

"I said you'd have to be my eyes," said grandma, pinching down the crust and fixing on the "top-knot."

In a few minutes more the pie was in the oven, and grandma went away to lie down a while before dinner. Aunts and uncles had begun to arrive, and mamma was busy with them. So Cherrie stole softly into the dining-room to look at the table. It was a long one, and looked very pretty with all the old fashioned china and bright silver. From the spoons, in which Cherrie could see her own face, fumily broadened and twisted, her thoughts and eyes went suddenly to the ring upon her finger. And then her heart seemed to jump into her throat, for there was no ring to be seen. Rub her eyes and stare as hard as she could, her finger was still bare. For the rest of the morning there was a very unhappy and frightened little girl in Cherrie's pleasant home. She wandered about from room to room, keeping out of sight as much as possible, and looking furtively in every corner where the ring might possibly have rolled.

Once mamma stopped her in a quick passing through the hall, not liking the looks of her flushed cheeks. She laid her cool hands upon them, stooping as she did so to kiss the soft curly head.

"Mother's afraid you worked too hard over the pie, Cherrie, dear. Run up to my room and bathe your face before dinner."

For an instant Cherrie longed to throw her arms around mamma's neck and sob out her sad story, but something seemed to hold her tongue, and just then, too, Auntie Bell came out from the parlor, and so Cherrie rushed away more wretched than ever after her mother's loving words.

At last dinner was ready, and Cherrie found herself seated about half-way down the side of the long table. There was a great deal of merry chattering while the good things with which the table was crowded were being passed around. Everybody praised grandma's chicken pie, and said that it would not seem like Thanksgiving without "mother's pie." Then Auntie Bell told them how Cherrie had helped to make it, and they all looked so kindly at her, and praised her for being such a good little girl, until poor Cherrie longed to run away and hide her guilty face.

Just then Uncle Edward laid down his knife and fork quite suddenly, and took a queer-looking little object out of his mouth.

"Diamonds, as I live!" he cried, turning it around, while all looked at him in surprise. "Rather expensive chicken feed, I should say," he added, lifting his eyebrows comically.

The ring was passed around the table amid a ring of guessings as to where it came from, and how it could possibly have got there. When mamma caught sight of the pretty sparkling ring, she knew in a moment that it was her own and she was more mystified than ever. Then she remembered her little Cherrie's finished face and strange manner. She glanced down the table, and the pale cheeks and downcast eyes she now saw told the whole story plainer than words. She said nothing, however, and every one kept wondering over the appearance of a diamond ring in a chicken pie. All at once Cherrie sprang up, crimson with shame and embarrassment, but speaking out bravely:

"I can't stand it any longer," she cried. "It is mamma's ring, and I took it out of her box to wear it to-day, and it must have dropped into the pie. Oh, mamma! mamma!"

Her voice had trembled, then been choked with sobs, and then—she never knew how she got there, but she found herself in mamma's arms, being kissed and soothed as only mamma could do it.

"I am glad my little daughter had the courage to confess her wrong," mamma said, passing her hand over the soft curls.

"That was the worst of it," said Cherrie, smiling happily, now that her burden had rolled away—"keeping it all to myself, and knowing how naughty I had been when you thought I was good."

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